

Soldiers' Communications.

FOR THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

Lines written on visiting the Military Cemetery at Alexandria Va., by J. A. Caldwell, a soldier.

Here in "God's Acre" sweetly sleep
Our brothers, who went forth to save
Our country from the spoiler's hand;
Each fell and found an honored grave.

Here from the North, the East, the West,
Are those who for their country died.
Brothers and sons and husbands dear,
Are sweetly sleeping, side by side.

The battle's fought, the victory's won,
Our starry banner's yet unfurled;
Again the eagle plumes his wing
And bids defiance to the world.

Sleep on, unconscious sleeper, rest;
The grass grows green above thy form;
Thou heedest not the bitter blast,
Nor summer's heat, nor winter's storm.

No cannon's peal breaks thy repose,
Nor clash of arms disturbs thy rest;
Here peace and quiet reign supreme,
And flowers are blooming on thy breast.

"Unknown!" Ah! no, not thou unknown,
For, in the Lamb's great Book of Life,
Thy name is written there, with those
Who fought that fierce and bloody strife.

We'll strew thy grave with sweetest flowers,
Bedew each sod with grateful tears;
The memory of thy noble deeds,
We'll cherish long in future years.

FOR THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

Decoration Day.

BY MRS. S. E. S., A SOLDIER'S WIFE.

We come with tearful eyes to-day,
With hearts that tender swell,
To scatter flowers, which bloom so gay
O'er those we loved so well.

Love's offerings, sanctified and sweet,
Upon their mounds we place,
Whom ne'er again our hearts shall greet,
Till comes eternal grace.

No cannon's roar nor booming gun
Salutes their ears to-day;
Their work was nobly, bravely done;
Their endless rest, for aye.

But while our land is Freedom's land,
And Love sings Valor's powers,
By patriots' graves we oft will stand,
To strew these fairest flowers.

Foraging for Chickens.

It is not to be wondered at, that soldiers who have been living for months on sow-belly and hard tack, yearn for an occasional change of diet, and, at such times, the mind will call up visions of roasted chickens. A soldier (Mr. Justice) of Oakland City, Ind., tells how he and some comrades received a mess of the feathered tribe:

"When the Army left Ringgold, Ga., on the Georgia campaign," he says, "we stopped about 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the day, and John Lowe, Francis Brisbane, and myself started out to see if we could find some chickens. We went to a house where there were two young ladies, and an old one, supposed by us to be the mother of the first spoken of. Lowe asked the old lady:

"Do you have some chickens you would sell us?"

"She answered: 'I have.'

"Lowe asked her then if there were any rebels there.

"She looked up in astonishment and excitedly asked: 'Ain't you'n rebels?'"

"Lowe remarked to her: 'Can't you tell by our clothes?'"

"The old lady said: 'I have seen lots of rebels with them kind o' clothes on,' whereupon Lowe told her we were Yankees and that the whole Yankee army were placed around there.

"She then said: 'Law me, darters, go bring my specks and let me take a good look at 'em, for they are the first Yankees I ever seed.'

"She put on her glasses, looking over the tops of them about half the time. After gazing some time and concluding that we were in fact Yankees, she said: 'Nary one of these 'ere chickens will you dang'd Yanks git, for I duzent like the looks o' you'ns.'

"Despite of all this, a big lot of her chickens went to our camp, but when the old woman and her daughters discovered, by the 'quawks,' what was going on, they came out, well armed with whatever weapons they could procure, and our flight, with the mother and 'darters' in pursuit, and blessing us 'over the left' at every step, together with the voice of the poultry, presented a scene for the pencil of Hogarth."

Iowa Soldiers.

There were none braver or better in the field, and now that the sod rests over the remains of many who marched and fought with them, the departed are not forgotten by the living. We give place to a letter from Brig. Gen. M. L. Sherman, as to the observances of Decoration Day at his location:

FREDERICKSBURG, CHICKASAW CO., IOWA,
June 10th, 1879.

Editor National Tribune:

We had a fine demonstration here on "Decoration Day," with an immense turnout of people. One hundred and twenty teams were counted in procession at one time, while a great number entered town ahead of the column.

We had two companies of the 6th Infantry I. N. G. under arms, besides a delegation of "Veterans" in column, escorted through the cemetery gate between two lines of young ladies and little girls dressed in white, bearing flags, wreaths, and banners with names of dead soldiers inscribed on them, inclosed by wreaths of evergreens and flowers.

After the ceremony, speeches, &c., the "Veterans" met in special session and organized an association, the result of which is, that the "muster-roll" at these headquarters now shows a list of 71 names of old soldiers, and many more to report. The intention is to arrange for a GRAND "RE-UNION," the coming fall, of old soldiers in this section. Our "roll" represents regiments from New York to Colorado. Will send list if you wish. Our boys like the "TRIBUNE," and we think it gets better and better with age.

Your friend, MILO L. SHERMAN.

A Memory of the War.

The Amputation of Gen. Rice's Limb--How the Gallant Soldier Endured the Operation.

Mr. C. D. Reese, an old resident of Columbus, Ohio, was present when the leg of the gallant General Rice was amputated, upon the dark and bloody field of Kenesaw Mountain, and thus relates the occurrences of the time: "There had been," said he, "a fortnight's fierce onslaughts upon the heights of Kenesaw Mountain. It was in June of 1864, and Sherman was pushing on his triumphal march to the sea. But before Atlanta was reached the rebels had concentrated their forces near Dallas, and about Lost Mountain and the heights of Kenesaw, endeavoring to their utmost to shut off the communication of Sherman's troops with their base of supplies. To thwart this, it was determined that the enemy's position must be taken. All during the day from June 18th to the 27th there were repetitions of the fierce sallies and the terrible mowing down of our troops by the enfilading fire from Big Kenesaw, which was lined with rifle-pits, while from Little Kenesaw the musketry added to the frightful slaughter.

"During one of these repeated charges and repulses, Gen. A. V. Rice, whose name now honors the second place upon the Democratic gubernatorial ticket, was shot, the ball striking the leg, below the knee.

"It would not have been so serious a wound had the limb been sound, but at Vicksburg, shortly before, another ball from an enemy's musket had sped through the air and lodged in that fated limb. The wounds were very near each other. The Vicksburg wound had been received when the general, with that intrepidity almost akin to rashness, had refused to enter a rifle-pit, but sat crouching upon the ground. The ball struck the knee in front, penetrating both portions of the limb, bowed as it was, and lodged in the groin.

"Thus it was that Dr. Messenger, of Cleveland, when the brave general was brought at midnight from the battle-field of Kenesaw to his field hospital, decided that naught but amputation would suffice to save life. Dr. J. B. Potter, of Canal Winchester, Surgeon-in-Chief of the Second Division, Fifteenth Army Corps, was called in consultation, and agreed that the mutilated member must be severed. None but a brother-in-law of the general objected.

"There, in that hospital tent, which the blackness of midnight surrounded, amid the moans of the wounded and the shrieks of the dying, upon the rude, improvised couch the heroic Rice lay, not a murmur of pain escaping his lips. Ever since the wound received at Vicksburg he had limped about, resting upon a sword or cane, and now the pain must have been intensified beyond conception.

"When the decision of the surgeons was announced, without the moving of a muscle, or the slightest remonstrance, the general signified his acquiescence and his immediate readiness for the terrible ordeal.

"Who will do it?" was asked, and Dr. Messenger agreed to perform the operation.

"I held tallow dips, the only available lights, while the unerring work progressed. Louis Parker, quartermaster of the general's regiment, the 57th Ohio, also stood near and held lights.

"The incision was quickly made, and then the severance cut with the steadiness and rapidity of the trained surgeon. The ligatures were fastened, and everything bid fair for a perfectly successful operation. But Hospital Steward Lubrens, of the 116th Illinois, had first administered the anæsthetic, and kept the sponge and funnel close to the mouth until the critical moment of the effective use of the knife. Then, absorbed in watching the operation, he relaxed his care, the result being that just as the ligatures were bound the unconscious general revived, and suddenly clapped his hand down upon the limb, breaking the ligatures. Fears of loss of blood and death from exhaustion inspired a dreadful anxiety, but the robust constitution overcame all draughts upon its vital forces.

"Thus it was that Gen. Rice was made a 'stumper.' This sad incident of those days spent beneath the frowning peaks of Kenesaw may serve to recall to the many heroes who scaled the heights and saw their comrades swept away before the enfilade of the enemy, all the scenes of heroism and suffering enacted.

"The general has a cork leg now that does its utmost to supply the functions of the flesh-and-blood one."

What the Ladies and Soldiers Say.

MRS. MARTHA CHILDERS of Marshall, Illinois, writes: "I would not be without the Tribune. It is the cheapest paper I ever saw published and the best."

MR. ALEXANDER PURDAM of Mansfield Valley, Allegheny County, Pa., says: "Your paper is well liked about here, especially by the ex-soldiers. One of the latter told me before he had the paper two hours it was worth more than fifty cents to him—that he had learned from it that he was entitled to a pension."

MR. MICHAEL FINK of Kylestown, Clearfield, Co., Pa., writes: The National Tribune came to hand all right and it is the best soldiers paper I ever saw."

R. H. ALLEN of Craigs, Perry Co., Illinois, writes: "I wish to say a word about your paper. I would not be without it for four times its cost, for it is the soldier's friend indeed, and I never get tired perusing its pages. I wish that every soldier in the land would take THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE."

How our Clock is admired.

Read the following letter:

MANSFIELD VALLEY P. O.,
ALLEGHENY CO., PA.,
June 7, 1879.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE,

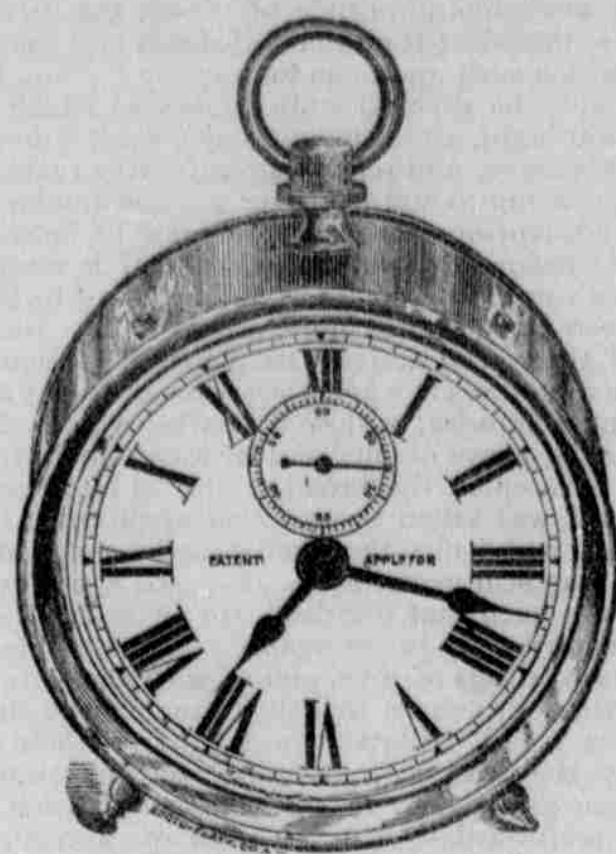
Washington, D. C.:

DEAR SIR: The National Tribune clock came to hand all O. K. It is a perfect gem, a fit ornament for any parlor or to deck any one's mantel. I would not be without it for three times the cost of the clock.

Yours truly,

ALEXANDER PURDAM.

Special Announcement to all Our Friends.



Quite recently we have been enabled, through fortuitous circumstances, to make arrangements for procuring a large supply of those beautiful little gems, of nickel-plated clocks, with heavy plate-glass fronts and stem-winding, which are now so exceedingly popular in the East and wherever used. (See illustration above.) All the movements of this clock are perfect. They are manufactured of the best materials, with polished steel springs, and all the plates are screwed together. In short, this clock, as we state, is a gem, thoroughly reliable as a time keeper, and admirably fitted to grace any mantle, shelf, or stand in any parlor, dining, or sleeping room. Now, having related these unquestionable facts pertaining to this clock, which we designate as "THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE" Clock, we beg leave to impress it upon the minds of all readers, that owing to special arrangements, we are enabled to offer to any and all "The National Tribune Clock" and "The National Tribune Newspaper" for the unprecedented low price of \$1.75. In clubs of ten or more subscribers desiring a clock and paper we will allow one extra clock and paper, for the getting up of every said club of ten. The clock and paper will be sold, under no circumstances, for less than one dollar and seventy-five cents, whether in orders for one or a hundred, and in all cases of so ordering, parties must pay the freight, the amount of which will be but a trifle. No fears need be entertained of a breakage of the clock or disarrangement of its parts by transportation. Thus, we give you a superior clock and an excellent newspaper, of special interest to the thousands of soldiers of the country, concerning their patriotism, their rights, and their pockets, while the general news it publishes relating to matters at Washington, its social gossip, lively sketches, choice selections, &c., will render it a welcome guest in every family circle. Now, here is a prospectus for some good, profitable business, which soldiers especially could make a great success. Almost every householder would buy one of these clocks, even if he had several on hand, and those who have none, would surely buy. Go to work then and get up your clubs. Think of it. A beautiful family clock, entirely reliable, and an interesting family newspaper, both for one dollar and seventy-five cents, together with an extra clock and newspaper for every getter up of a club of ten. Eleven clocks and eleven newspapers for seventeen dollars and fifty cents. Remit by money orders, which can be obtained at almost every U. S. Post Office, by registered letter, by draft on New York, or by express.

Specimen of paper sent free.

Address at once,

"THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE COMPANY,"

Washington, D. C.

The attention of the former clients of B. F. Pritchard, Esq., of Indianapolis, Indiana, who have not written to me since December, 1876, is again called to the following:

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Nov. 13, 1876.

GEORGE E. LEMON, Esq., Washington, D. C.:
DEAR SIR:—You are hereby authorized to notify each of my clients that I have transferred to you all their claims, evidences, &c., and that it is my desire that they should correspond with you hereafter, and forward such evidence as you may need to complete their claims.

(Signed)

B. F. PRITCHARD,

This proposed transfer was submitted to the Hon. Z. Chandler, Secretary of the Interior, for his consideration and action. The following extract from his letter, written to the Hon. J. A. Bentley, Commissioner of Pensions, explains itself, and to it your attention is invited:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Washington, D. C., December 8, 1876.

In view of the peculiar state of facts existing in the case, and the good standing of Mr. Lemon as an attorney before this Department, as well as his apparent good faith in this entire transaction, I am of the opinion that it would be proper to allow the transfer to be made.

Z. CHANDLER.

In accordance with the foregoing, the Hon. J. A. Bentley, Commissioner of Pensions, issued an order recognizing me in all cases filled by Mr. Pritchard prior to October 6, 1876; wherein he hath the power of substitution.